The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME I. OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1865. NUMBER 19.

Holt County Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

CHAS. W. BOWMAN.

OFFICE—In brick block Northwest corner Public Square, Oregon, Mo.

Terms—In Advance:

One copy per year,........................$ 2 00
Club of ten copies per year,.............. 18 00
and one copy to getter up of club.

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One sq., (10 lines or less) one insertion,...	$1 25
Each additional insertion....................	75
One square three months,.....................	5 00
One square six months,.......................	7 50
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Professional Cards.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And, bright in Heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or yellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucked our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife
Sings now in everlasting song
Amid the tree of life

And, where He sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And, ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

JOHN RODMAN.

For a deed he had not done, John Rodman was arrested, tried, and found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Ten years, beginning at twenty-five. The best years of his life Circumstantial evidence, which has doomed many a man, had doomed him. That and a false witness who took his oath to a lie, with God's name upon his lips, and his guilty hand on God's holy Bible. It was a horrible fate; and the worst of it was, that no one believed him innocent—friend, brother, casual acquaintance, all shook their heads and said, "It was a dangerous thing to trust a wild young man with so much money."

Only Eva Fay, his young betrothed, sent him a tiny note, blurred with her tears, wherein shone these words—beacon lights to that unhappy man in that dark sea of sorrow:

"My darling, whatever others think, I will trust and love you until I die."

Could she have come to him, could she have spoken words of hope and tenderness with her white hands in his own, he could have borne his fate better. But they would not let her enter the prison walls.

Who could blame them, thinking as they did? And she was too young and too gentle to resist them by stratagem. So the girl of sixteen could only break her heart in silence, and her lover bow beneath the just laws which for once had done injustice.

They parted, and the years rolled on, one after the other. In the world strange changes happened, and there were deaths and marriages and births. Old faces went, new ones came. Inventions set the world ablaze. Wars and rumors of wars shook the earth. In the prison, one monstrous routine divided the days, and the nights were only marked by the exchange of sun for gas-light.

John Rodman's soul was crushed; considered a felon by all, he grew to feel like one—to shrink from the eyes of honest men, and to have no hope on earth or in heaven save those prison walls.

Sometimes he said, "Ten years will end at last." And then he asked himself, "For what? My life is wasted. I cannot begin again."

And untimely snows fell upon his hair, and wrinkles drew themselves upon his brow. And when at last the prison doors were opened to let out the poor, wronged man, he felt older than most men of fifty. He stood in the world without a cent, or decent clothes, or any place to hide his head, and bowed beneath the sense of his great wrong and bitter loss.

There had come with him an old thief, one of his jail companions—a bad, bold man, with a drop of gratitude somewhere in the midst of his heart. He followed John Rodman and came up to him in a lonely place, at the bleak corner of a road, where he stood puzzled, trying to collect his thoughts.

"I say, what are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do?" said John, gloomily. "Earn an honest living, or hang myself."

"Don't let 'em know you've been in *there*," said the thief, pointing prisonward, "or you can't do the first; and before you put your neck in the noose, come to our place. You'll find a friend there, and I like you," and he ended with an oath.

John Rodman shuddered. He knew what haunts that man made his home in, and a horrible dread of himself fell upon him. He had been called a thief so long, that it seemed quite possible that the actual life of one might lie before him. He grew cold from the heart out.

"I shall earn an honest living somehow," he said. "All I want is bread and shelter. Then good by."

"Good by," said the thief. "It is 5—— Alley, if you want to come there; you *may* yet."

And they parted—John Rodman taking the road toward New York.

His first thought was, when he quite understood that he was free, of Eva. Not that he might woo or win her after ten years of disgrace, but only to see her once and tell her how, through all those years he had remembered and worshipped her. He hardly guessed himself, how he had changed. The hang-down look, the thin, bent frame, the unkempt locks that blew about his face; the hat with a hole in it, the ragged knees and elbows. A squalid, beggarly wretch, who, when he last looked in a mirror, had been a spruce young fellow, handsome as a picture.

So he toiled on toward the city, and when faint with hunger, found a horse to hold, or a job to do and earn a pittance.

So when he crawled into the town, he had a shilling, and being faint, slunk into a restaurant hard by to get a glass of ale. It was a place frequented by Germans, and with a sanded floor and bare pine tables. But it had its elegancies, too. And opposite the table where John Rodman sat, hung a square mirror and two gaudy prints. John looked at one of these, then at the other.

At last toward the mirror.

He thought it was a window and that a man was looking at him through it, at the first glance.

"What an ill-looking dog," thought John. "I wouldn't trust him. How he stares, poor wretch; he don't seem human Ah! Oh, my God! *It is myself!*"

It was an awful moment. Death has no more fearful pang. That miserable creature was John Rodman—was the being of whom he said, "I——That—that—that—"

He hid his head in his arms, and was only saved a sane man by a flood of tears.

The phlegmatic Germans only fancied him at that stage in his cups, when weeping becomes quite natural. One, a yellow haired grocer, grinned and quite enjoyed the joke—and that was all the notice taken.

And John Rodman, broken-hearted and quite crushed, crept out into the street, his own image haunting him as a ghost. Oh, the lost youth, the bright-eyed, bright-haired boy who loved Eva Fay, where has he gone? Oh, the stalwart, handsome man into whom that youth should have changed! Where was his grave dug? Who was this, a blot on the sunshine, a creature stamped blackguard—beggar—miserable?

John Rodman—John Rodman—John Rodman—could it be?

The glimpse of his own face had been enough, and with clenched hands and blood-shot eyes, turned heavenward, he vowed never to see Eva Fay, never while he lived, to let her see and know him.

"But perhaps I may in Heaven," John Rodman murmured: "for God and the angels know that I suffered for a crime I never committed, and that I mean to be honest while I live."

Then the memory of a time when he had had the hopes and dreams that gladden the lives of other men swept over John Rodman's soul. He had expected to be rich and famous, to have a wife and children about his hearth to be respected living and remembered dead; and now at thirty-five, his hopes were these: a crust to eat, a hole to crawl into by night, and most of all, that the eye of the woman he worshipped, as a Catholic devotee adores his patron saint, might never rest upon him.

"It would break my Eva's heart," he said, "to see what I have come to."

He sought for work the next day. He was a splendid penman and accountant. But men looked at his rags and his prison mould, which seemed to hang about him, and drew back. Men in clean black coats were to be had; labor was at a discount. It was a favor to grant it. One or two asked for his letters of introduction, or references. He almost laughed in their faces with the bitter recollection of the fact that he had been ten years in prison on a false charge of theft.

And so days came and passed, and other days, and with them no regular employment. But somehow he picked up enough for meals and lodging, by putting in coal or menial work of the same kind.

He who had been, nay, was, for he had only been unfortunate—not guilty—a gentleman by birth and nature. He strove and prayed for patience and for death, until, at last, the deepest depth of darkness came to him.

No food, no fire, no shelter, save a dismal cellar way, for three long days and nights. On the fourth, at dusk, he crept out to beg. It did not matter who knew him; he could shame none.

He went to one great door. It was slammed in his face. He stopped an old gentleman and was threatened with arrest. He staggered, faint with hunger, to other doors. "No," "no," always "no" to his gasping prayer for charity.

At last; in a low, poor street, he opened a kitchen door where a fat woman was just taking from her stove oven a great pan of biscuit, and a comfortable supper was smoking on the board.

The fragrance of the warm bread made him faint with longing. His fingers quivered. He said humbly, hat in hand:

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Reason for Going to Church.

My desire is to give you one or two good reasons for going to church, which do not depend upon the authenticity of christianity, or upon the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath at all.

My first reason is, that unless a man puts himself into a fine shirt, polished boots and good clothes once a week, and goes out into the public, he is almost certain to lapse into semi-barbarism. You know that unless you do this on the Sabbath, you cannot do it at all, for you labor all the week. There is nothing like standing alone with no place in the machinery of society to tone down one's self respect. You must be aware that you are not in sympathy with society. You are looked upon as an outsider because you refuse to come in contact with society on its broadest and best ground. I tell you it is a good thing for a man to wash his face clean, and put on his best clothes and walk to the house of God with his children on Sabbath, whether he believes in christianity or not. The church is a place where at least good morals are inculcated, and where the vices of community are denounced. You can afford to stand by so much of the church, and by so doing, say:

Here am I, and here are mine, with a stake in the welfare of society, and an interest in the good morals of society.

My dear friends, this little operation gone through with every Sabbath would give you self-respect, help you to keep your head above water, and bring you into sympathy with the best society the world possesses.—*Dr. Holland.*

A Mountain of Salt.

Among the many curiosities and wonders that have lately been discovered in the far-off Western wilds, none is more striking or marvellous than the mountain of Rock Salt, situated about twenty miles from Meadow Valley, Nevada, and only eighteen miles from the head of navigation on the Colorado River. It rises abruptly from the plain, about four hundred feet in height, a mountain of pure, sparkling, crystalized salt. Not a particle of dirt upon it, seemingly a mountain of glass, being perfectly transparent, and when the reflection of the sun falls upon it, the glare is blinding. We have seen specimens taken from it, now in possession of Mr. C. B. Norris, and it resembles pure crystal, more than it does salt. From what we can learn of its extent and magnitude, there is salt enough in this one mountain to supply this continent for a century.—[St. Joseph Union.

JEFF. THOMPSON tells the editor of the Louisville Journal that the only persons in the south who wish to do any more fighting are those who didn't do any when they had the chance.

Power of Imagination.

Alexander Dumas published in a daily Paris paper a novel, in which the heroine, prosperous and happy, is assailed by consumption. All the gradual symptoms are most touchingly described, and the greatest interest was felt for the heroine. One day the Marquis de Dalomien called on him.

"Dumas," said he, "you mean to let your heroine die?"

"Of course. After such symtoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You must change the catastrophe."

"I cannot."

"Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter's?"

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms you have described, and watches mournfully for every new number of your novel, reading her own fate in your heroine's. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too. Come, a life to save is a temptation—"

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered and was happy. About five years afterward Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?"

"Yes. She is married, and has had four children."

"And my novel four editions," said Dumas; "and so we are quits."

The Effect of Marriage.

Doubtless you have remarked, with satisfaction, how the little odities of men who marry rather late in life are pruned away speedily after marriage You have found a man who used to be shabily dressed with a huge shirt collar, frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow handkerchief, broken off these things and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were ridiculously cut, speedily become like other *human beings.* You have seen men who took snuff copiously, and who generally had his breast covered with snuff, abandon the vile habit. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding of bits of orange peel; no touching of all the posts in walking along the street; no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had married, he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting eccentricity of manners, you may be sure he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. The wife's advice is the tiller that keeps the ship steady. They are like the little wholesome, though painful shears, nipping off the little growths of self-conceit and folly.—[Frazier's Magazine.

The Way of the World.

We were traveling through Canada, and after a long day's ride, stopped at an inn, where the passengers were soon gathered around the cheerful fire.—Among the occupants of the room we observed an ill-looking cur, who had shown his wit by taking quarters in so comfortable an apartment. After a few moments the landlord entered, and observing the canine specimen, remarked:

"Fine dog, that! Is he yours, sir?" approaching one of the passengers,

"No, sir.',

"Beautiful dog! yours, sir?" addressing himself to the second.

"No!" was the blunt reply.

"Come here, pup! Perhaps he is yours, sir?"

"No," was again responded.

"Very sagacious animal. Belongs to you, I suppose, sir?"

"No, he dosen't," was the reply.

"Then he is yours, and you have a treasure," (throwing the animal a cracker.)

"Nothing of the kind."

"Oh! (with a smile) he belongs to you as a matter of course?" addressing himself to the last passenger.

"Wouldn't have him as a gift."

"Then, you infernal dirty, mean, contemptible whelp, git out!" and thereupon the host gave the poor dog such a kick as sent the poor animal yelling into the street amid the roars of the company.

Ear Plugs.

The noises of New York city have necessitated a fashion of wearing plugs in the ears. These are small cotton wads saturated with some delicate oil, and inserted in the ear as suits the convenience or needs of the wearer.

The Home Journal notices, in connection with the ear-plugging fashion, an article for carrying these wads when they are not doing duty in the ear. It is a small, flat box, like a snuff box, made oil-tight, so as to prevent the escape of the liquid, and these boxes can be carried in the vest pocket. The Journal says that ladies attach the box to a "little gold ring hung from the neck."

These oiled ear-plugs must be very sightly, particularly in a warm day, when the oil is exceedingly limpid, giving the city a fashionable promenade the appearance of an epidemical running at the ears. It seems to us a better contrivance would be a sort of valve fastened on either end of a spring that should pass over the top of the head, bringing the valve opposite the ear, to open or shut according to the noises, like a hinged stopper to an inkstand.

And would it not be an admirable fashion to wear a pincer on the nose, easily adjustable, so that when in the atmosphere of [illegible] the pincher would [illegible]. They wear such in Cologne, and [illegible] of our large cities have [illegible] has that famous [illegible] of smells—and those places which have oil refineries have one odor more than [illegible].

If there could, at the same time, be invented a mouth-stopper, so that the unruly member that reigns therein could have license only at proper times, what a happy thing that would be—gossip and slander would go a begging, for there would be no tongue to speak nor ear to hear.—[Cleveland Herald.

Feelings and Actions.

We once heard of a blunt old fellow who sometimes hit the nail on the head exactly. On one occasion, in a company where he was, a person present praised a certain man for his "good feelings." Every-body joined, and said the man was possessed of excellent feelings. "What has he done?" asked our old genius. "Oh! in every thing; he is a man of fine benevolent feelings," was the reply. "What has he *done?*" cried the old fellow again. By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of their favorite's *doings.* They began to cast about in their minds; but the old man still shouted, "What has he DONE?" They owned that they could not name any thing in particular. "Yet," answered the cynic, "you say that the man has good *feelings.* Now, gentlemen, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell one generous action that they ever performed in their lives, but they can look and talk most benevolently. I know a man in this town that you would all call a surly, rough, unamiable creature; and yet he has done more acts of kindness than all you put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings, but I judge their feelings by their actions."

WHY SO MUCH BEAUTY IN POLAND.—"Because," says Bayard Taylor, "there girls do not jump from infancy to ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle to the parlor, to dress, to sit still, and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They are not loaded down, girded about and oppressed every way with countless frills, and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their clothing; nor are rendered delicate or dyspeptic by continued studies with candies and sweet cakes, as are the majority of American children. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, and an abundance of sunshine during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

YOUNG ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers are always observed to possess most aimable dispositions, invariably make good wives, and always select good husbands. A fact. And gentlemen who pay punctually for their newspaper, have good health, live to a good old age, die easy, and escape the wrath to come.

A man dies for love only when he turns his red whiskers to black or brown.